

# Bayonet Prepares For Next Year

In anticipation of what the Corps of cadets will do for a student publication next year the present Bayonet staff is working on a problem to insure a bigger and better school newspaper.

As most know the Bayonet works for the betterment of the Cadets, the Academy and also for itself. For this reason plans are being laid for the staff members of 1945.

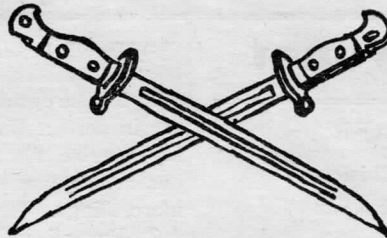
There are many cadets around who are taking Rhetoric II this year. They will have to return to Augusta next year to take Literature before they will be able to receive a diploma. These cadets are the ones that the staff and its editors are making a plea to.

We want writers to show their natural ability. We want stories that provide interest to all and not to just a select group. We want writers who will not quit on the job and who will keep away from the satire angle completely. In other words we are not looking for cadets who want to see their names in the staff but those who will work whole-heartedly. If we find these kind of men we will be sure that the staff of '44 has done a complete job in finishing off their year.

There will be only two cadets returning next year from this year's staff. One is Bill Jones, photographer, and the other is Stafford Williams, circulation manager. This means that all writing positions are open to those who work for them. But there is more to the newspaper game than just writing. You must have plenty of common sense and must be able to make friends. You must keep wide awake on the job and notice what goes on around you. You will have to take the sour with the sweet and take it with a smile. That way you will make a good reporter. We have taken into our confidence the teachers of Rhetoric II. They will watch your progress and tell us about it, but that isn't enough. If we can give you experience now that is what we want to do.

To give you future editors a chance on the real thing an offer is being made to help you now. The Bayonet staff will be glad to receive all articles from this issue on from those cadets interested. If you show capability your chances for next year will be far brighter than you expected. You will be made an associate editor on the staff this year and receive the full benefit of the opportunities at hand. Your work will be watched carefully and advancement will be based upon this. We are going to elect an Editor-in-Chief from this year's crop for next

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# THE BAYONET

Vol. 2

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No. 11

## Queen Crowned at Formal

Augusta's First Queen became a reality on Friday night, April 14th, when, in the presence of the corps of cadets, faculty, guests and visitors she was officially crowned by Major Charles S. Roller, Jr., Commandant.

Miss Lila Spilman of St. Marys College, Raleigh, North Carolina, was chosen Queen by an impartial vote of three judges. She was then invited to Augusta to be crowned at the dance, and lead the corps in other parts of their activities.

Friday afternoon the corps was turned out for a dress parade in her honor and also for Lt. Henry Cherrington, son of Major W. P. Cherrington, who is slated for a sight-seeing tour at the expense of Uncle Sam.

The Memorial Gymnasium was beautifully decorated for the occasion with various flags of the United Nations.

The Easter Formal, second only to the Final Ball at Augusta, started at 9:30 p. m. A receiving line composed of Colonel T. J. Roller, Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Miss Linda Morman Roller, Mrs. C. S. Roller, Jr., Miss Lila Spilman, Cadet Robert Page, Major W. P. Cherrington, Lt. Henry Cherrington, Mrs. Henry Cherrington, Major Arthur Blackburn, Lieut. Walaski, Mrs. Walaski, Sergeant George Michales, Mrs. George Michales, Mrs. Lila Spilman, Mrs. Annie Thompson, Mrs. Florence McCormick, Mrs. George Ware, and Captain John B. Garnett

met the cadets and their dates. After this introduction a Coronation Figure, which included Miss Vasquez with Cadet Lt. Terry Tariche, Miss Martha Brown with Cadet Lt. Stanley, L., Miss Sally Stewart with Cadet Lt. Weed, Miss Joann Shomo with Cadet Platoon Sergeant Thomas, M. O., Miss Jane Gore with Cadet Sergeant Codling, and Miss Lois Pickus with Cadet Corporal Kline escorted Miss Spilman with Cadet Page and her brother to the throne. Cadet Rich followed the procession with the crown on a blue satin pillow.

Cadet Leon Forrest Douglass, president of the Cotillion Club, introduced Major Roller, who was escorted by Cadet Clinton H. Whitehurst to the throne. Major then made a short speech saying, "It is my pleasure on behalf of the Cadet Corps, The Cotillion Club and the Bayonet Staff members to crown you First Queen of Augusta." Major Roller then led the opening dance with Miss Spilman and the Formal dance officially started.

Shirley Smith and his orchestra provided the music for the Easter Formal and really helped to put the dance over.

Every one who attended the dance was deeply sorry that it had to end so soon and it is felt that the Cotillion Club put on one of the best dances of the year.

## Hanes Awarded D.S.C. For Heroic Action

Pvt. Charles Robinson Hanes, deceased, of the United States Army, and a former cadet of the Augusta Military Academy, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action" the War Department announced recently. The action occurred against the Germans in heavy fighting near Altavilla, Italy.

Pvt. Hanes attended Augusta from 1927 until 1932 when at that time he graduated. He attended Augusta for five years and when he departed he left a sparkling record. In his first year he was a member of the track, football and golf teams and a Private in "C" company. The next year he

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# The Bayonet

## THE STAFF

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Gene Edward Kline

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### Feature Editor

Henry S. Dunbar, III

### Alumni Editor

Fredric E. Prince

### Art Editor

James Hevener

### Photographer

William C. Jones

### Circulation Department

Stafford Williams



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## "CONDITIONING" FOR G. I.

### BEGINS AFTER REST PERIOD

In preparation for the coming Government Inspection the cadets of the Augusta Military Academy began rigorous training the day after returning from the recent Spring Rest Period.

An accelerated program of "extended order," close order, calisthenics, and classroom work has been outlined by Major Blackburn, Professor of Military Science and Tactics, for the academy.

The companies have been reformed to war strength platoons and cadets have been assigned personal duties to be performed before and during the Government Inspection.

Last year the corps of cadets won back for the academy the Honor Rating which they had lost the year before. The corps "went over the top" in proficiency and proved to all without a doubt that they had what is needed in the tight spots.

This year the present corps of cadets has a much harder task set for them and by hard work and team play it is felt that they also will receive the Honor Rating given by the Government.

For personal use this program of

preparation is suggested for the corps. to use.

1. Be sure that the cadet quarters are in perfect shape. That will possibly require the repainting of numerous articles and the cleaning of many more things.

2. Put all unnecessary articles for personal use in a suitcase and place the suitcase with a tag on it in the trunk room.

3. For certain make sure that the rifles are the cleanest thing in a cadet's possession. From the War Department's viewpoint it is the most valuable article besides life in possession of a soldier.

4. Remember to use the military discipline taught you at all times. These officers that are going to be sent here by the Government base their reports on cold hard facts, and not on sympathy. They have a job to do, and if they carry the true army spirit, they do it with no "buts" or "whys" included.

5. Make sure all clothing is clean and presentable. A list of where these articles will be placed in the lockers will be drawn up shortly by the tactical officers and each cadet will have a copy to go by.

6. When asked a question by one of the inspecting officers answer it immediately and don't hem and haw around the bush. That will take off percentage more than anything else. If you don't know an answer say so. They won't shoot you!

7. Remember to respect your fellow cadets and your cadet officers. Do what they tell you and you won't get into unnecessary trouble.

8. Don't lay around barracks when you have a little free time. Get out and enter into some athletic contest. This will keep your mind off of the inspection and will make you alert and able to do what is ordered.

9. Remember that while you are at close order drill or extended order you are required to keep your mouth shut. All of these drills are done "at ease" and when a cadet starts shooting off his mouth it will cast a bad reflection on the discipline of the corps.

10. The last major point to remember is that you are not working for yourself or for this year's corps. You are working for the academy and the ranking it will make in the War Department. You are showing what Major Blackburn, Sergeant Michael and Sergeant Collison have taught you the past eight months. Make it good and you will be rewarded in the end.

11. Be sure you have a copy of AMA Regulations posted on one of the room lockers—fastened with a thumb tack.

## A DREAM OF A

## HUNDRED YEARS

"In Thee O Lord do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion.

"Deliver me into Thy righteousness, and cause me to escape; incline Thy ear unto me and save me."

The Scripture was over and the cadets slowly filed out of the miserable, wind-beaten shack and plodded back toward barracks. On occasion one or two were heard to mention that the meeting was fairly well conducted that night, but to most the conversation left the religious field and turned toward graduation in June. Yes, as now the cadets minds began to wander and to gladly anticipate the coming June finals—June of the year 1844.

It was a chilly, windy, night in this Spring of '44, there were no fine steam heated rooms, no academic building to look forward to for the morning classes, only a meager, one and a half story wooden frame affair with few chairs and tables, no electricity and no heat, but that long past corps had something, something that made up for all of this. No one knew what it was, but it was there and the men were well satisfied.

The wind was whistling around the corners now as the corps of fifty-eight prepared to turn down the lamps and go to bed. In a few rooms where the occupants were still awake the trend of the conversation turned around to the Missouri Compromise and whether it would solve the urgent question of states' rights and the pressing problem of the day, "The right or wrong of slavery."

All light suddenly went from whence they came for the Officer of the Day was heard coming along the narrow halls with his swinging lantern, stopping now and then to peep in and see if a room was in good order and whether the occupants were asleep, for often the boys would bring back crackers and hard candies from the blacksmith shop somewhat near the present location of "Hazel's" and have a well known party after the barracks were bedded down for the night.

One room that night, however, was unusually quiet, not because its cadets were fast asleep but because since the Y.M.C.A. meeting earlier that evening these men had been thinking, think-

ing of home, their family, their friends and AMA and wondering what the old place would be like in about one hundred years.

The conversation continued on until at last with dreams of the future firmly planted in their minds room "21" finally gave itself up into the arms of sleep.

\* \* \*

James L. Artwright, born April 26, 1829, Staunton, Virginia. Yes, that was on his record along with his scholastic marks, not bad marks either for in those days an education was a pretty valuable thing to have, or at least Jimmy thought so.

Jimmy was walking along a cement road now, it seemed strange to him, this valley he was in. He had heard of these hard, smooth roadways in New York but he had never seen one, for like most of his classmates he had come from in and around Augusta County and the time was not yet one of travel. Things seemed more familiar now, he was passing a cemetery and up above was a church that looked somewhat like the church on the hill next to the school. Suddenly a roll of drums broke the silence and as he left the church a sight more spacious and spectacular than he had ever hoped to see—"West Point" on parade. West Point, his ambition since he could hardly remember and there it was, the barracks in all their majestic beauty reaching toward the sky, the huge green bowl, the shining white gymnasium with its long rows of wide glass windows glistening in the sun. Jimmy wondered if he could come a little closer and see those immense, gray barracks, see a cadet real close and watch them march past in review. Before he knew it, he was there standing beside a giant arch watching the gleaming battalion march by and wondering if he could ever, ever go to such a school.

The companies were being dismissed now and as he shrank back from the corps filing past thru the arch a plain pure exclamation from a passing cadet came toward him "Augusta's a wonderful place, isn't it?"

\* \* \*

The wind was whistling and screaming now more than ever as Henry tossed fretfully in his sleep.

\* \* \*

He had just gotten from a stage coach and was brushing the dust from his pants when he glanced up. There

was Augusta, not much difference except the sign in front of the athletic field had a few more cracks in it and only a few students were to be seen, even the spring where the stage had stopped was a little dried up with only a slight trickle of water flowing by.

Harry remembered when he had been there, he'd done all right, nothing exceptional but he had passed and was now located with a brokerage firm in New York.

"All aboard" the driver shouted, and as he climbed in the coach no thoughts of Augusta entered his mind; he'd done all right, Augusta hadn't, and the thought that she might have, had he helped never crossed his mind as the stage turned the bend in the road and went out of sight.

Such were the dreams of two men, one trusting in the future, the other not, such were their ambitions and destinies and such was their success.

Once again Augusta is on the threshold of a century—she can advance as Jimmy knew she would and she can decline as Harry perceived. These next few months will tell the parts the corps of '44 will play in her upward strive. These very cadets, all of you, from the youngest private to the mightiest captain can make the visions of 2044 a reality or—

—V—

## ODE TO PITTSBURGH

O black and smoky city,

In a place where "steel" is fame—  
Where trollys climb around the hills,

And people do the same—

For great majestic buildings,

For "Iron City" beer,

And for your many roadhouse taverns

That stretch both far and near.

Where you wake up every morning,

And always see the night—

Till the closing shades of darkness,

Turn on the city's lights.

O great lucious women—

With shapes that can't be named,

But whose lines and stacks will always

Put battleships to shame.

A fine and upright township—

I will concede, I guess,

But no matter what it's people say,

The critics still say less.

Not like other sprawling cities,

Where works of art abound—

This place is short of everything—

You guessed it:

Pittsburgh is the town.

## THE ADVENTURES OF STUBBS

Once upon a time there was a cadet named Stubbs. Stubbs was a bad boy and his commandant was always scolding him or scolding him as the case may be for being so bad. Well, anyway, this little cadet went to town one day and got in a lot of trouble on account of a girl—she left him in the movies and went and told her Uncle Major Roller, what Stubbs had done. We pick up the threads of the story now as Stubbs is waiting for the Major's door to open.

A refreshing gust of wind dried Stubbs's face for a brief minute and then is came, the inevitable moment, the door opened, and for a second this earthly world seemed to fade and Stubbs was dwelling with his ancestors in heaven or hell as his thoughts warranted.

"Come on, son," a quiet, commanding voice beckoned, "don't wait outside in the cold. Come in."

Stubbs slowly entered Major's palatial mansion.

"Sit down, boy, I'll be with you in a moment" and in no time Major had returned with a tray of ginger ale and sandwiches. Stubbs by now was breathing hard. "What the heck was coming off. He's probably fattening me up, like one of his sheep, for the kill. I wonder."

"Son," Major began, "I want to thank you for"—Stubbs gasped—Major thanking him, O no—

"Excuse me, Major, I dropped my glass. I'm terribly sorry."

"Think nothing of it, I really owe you something. In fact I'm going to make you Lieutenant." At this point Stubbs was picking himself up from the floor. "My God," thought Stubbs, "he's been working too hard, he's having a repast or something. I'd better call a doctor."

A strong arm reached down for him. "Why Stubbie, I do believe you're afraid of me. Come have a little more champagne. "Yes, sir," came a feeble reply. "Fill me up g—. I mean this is wonderful. I mean are you, O "—?x!\*-#! anyway."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, son; a man's way. Yes, a man's way, but now getting down to business. My niece, who incidentally is only fourteen, has been—

Fourteen, the word echoed and re-echoed through Stubbs's brain. Me, Homer Herbert Stubbs, Jr., trying to neck with a child, a mere—darn it tho, she swung a pretty hefty right. Maybe the Major's kidding.

"As I was saying, son, this niece of mine has been acting like a child too

long, to !\*.;x|\$\*!?, long, and you, Lieutenant Stubbs, were gallant enough to attempt, in your small way, to help her."

"Major, I don't know what to say, I —. Your mother, I mean your wife, your Janet, she's shy. Well, you came to the right place—I mean you came to that conclusion sometime ago and decided to send her to Mary Baldwin. Isn't that right?"

"That's it, perfectly; have another Coca Cola. Here, I'll mix this one myself but wait a minute, here comes Janet now."

"Hello, Janet, Stubbs managed to squeeze out."

"Hello nothing. Uncie, do you know what he did, he—" it all ended there as Major leaped to his feet.

"What", he roared. His voice sounded like a cannon report. "Stubbs, get out. You're under arrest, you're broken, take a thousand coal, you're fired, I mean—Stay in your room till I call you, Get out! Now Janet come to Uncie and tell him all about it."

Back to barracks Stubbs went.

We don't know what will happen either, but the next Bayonet does, so be sure and get your copy.

—————V—————

**TO THE MOTHERS, FATHERS,  
SWEETHEARTS, FRIENDS**

Sure we had to leave, you knew that the night we arrived at the station or terminal as it may be, you knew we'd have to go back but you also knew that we were home ten days and that is why this very special letter is addressed to you.

Gas was scarce, the "old man's" tires were all gone but still we always managed to get the car and dash up to see the girl, and when we did come back late with maybe a scratch on the car he didn't say much. Yes, I guess we were all surprised but Dad, he knew what things were like for a kid in an R.O.T.C. Unit, he knew what military life was like—he fought the last war and is helping fight this one, so you see he was just being to you one of the finest Dads a fellow could have and now this letter will tell him.

But what about Mom, never two many for dinner, always an extra bed for that extra "friend," I guess she must be about as worn out as a mother can get, but she loved it. You were her son, home on leave—she was your mother and you knew it then more than ever.

Gee, Mary, I'm sorry I almost for-

got you—good old Mary, the girl we brag about so much in barracks, the girl we almost take for granted, the girl someday we hope to marry. You felt all twisted up inside as you kissed her goodbye that nite but then as the train slipped out of the station and on into the night your mind became settled—she'd be there in June waiting, like she'd keep on waiting till this war's over and you're home again for good.

"Hey, Bill, look who's in town", sure you know who it is, yourself home in June, this time for a long time or maybe not so long, it sorta depends where you're going but still Bill will be right there with you or right in the same old place waiting for you to come home like he always has been. Who's Bill? That pal you left behind when you came to Augusta, that friend whose companionship you're going to enjoy so much when this year and this war is over.

So to you, then, mothers, Dads, sweethearts and friends this letter is respectfully dedicated.

Your loving son.

—————V—————

**HONOR GUARD DETAIL**

O. C. ....Captain Morrissey  
O. D. ....Thomas, M. O.  
Corporal .....Kline, G. E.  
Orderly .....Morgan

It will be noticed that this is the only detail in many weeks to have the entire report correct on Monday night —congratulations.

—————V—————

**MAJOR AND THE MINOR**

Stand up, stand up, ye cadets so bold,  
Here comes a man of the Army old,  
Here comes a man with an English name,  
With a bark and a bite of a general's fame—  
With a bark and a bite of a general's fame.

So mark him well this Major great,  
For us to have is but fate—  
For Augusta to have a man so great,  
Is nothing short of an emporor's state,  
Is nothing short of an emperor's state.

We're but the minors beside his fame,  
Still his genius we will claim,  
And AMA his triumphs claim,  
For Blackburn is his name, his name,  
For Blackburn is his name.

**WHY GOVERNMENT INSPEC-  
TION IS NEEDED**

**Editor's Note**

Major Arthur Blackburn, Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Augusta, was kind enough to consent to a request of the Bayonet and has prepared an article for cadets on why Government Inspection is necessary. On the Editorial page of this issue of the Bayonet there appears ten rules that outline duties for cadets preparing for G.I. Many thanks are due Major Blackburn for this interesting article and it is hoped that we can cheer louder after Government Inspection.

—————

"We are about to go thru the annual Government Inspection. This of course is a disturbing event. Much depends on the outcome, but do not get jittery over it. This corps has all the necessary preparation to pass it with flying colors.

"Let's just see what this inspection is for. First of all it is a part of the regular routine of army procedure. The Commanding General of the 3rd Service Command is charged by the War Department with the ROTC instruction that is carried on in all colleges and military schools in his command. He cannot perform this duty himself. He therefore does what every commanding officer has to do, he delegates his authority to the P.M.S. & T's of the individual schools. It is they who directly carry out the plan of instruction. The commanding general tells the P.M.S. & T's what to do but not how to do it. The delegating of authority is a necessity of the exercise of all commands. The job of a commander, however, does not cease with the issuing of an order.

"One may delegate one's authority but not one's responsibility. Though a subordinate is actively charged with carrying out the orders, the commander must see that it is done and done properly. This he does by means of inspections. The coming inspection is for the purpose of assuring the War Department that its instructions are being made effective.

"The object of the ROTC is to train men to be officers in the army. A tremendous responsibility rests upon an officer, the lives of the men in his command are in his hands. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that everything be done to make sure that every cadet is properly trained. Show the inspectors that you have been

trained, that you know what you are talking about and that you are confident in that knowledge. We have nothing to fear from this inspection."

Signed,

Arthur Blackburn,

Maj. Inf. P.M.S. & T.

—V—

## PRESENTING "C" COMPANY

### OF AUGUSTA'S BATTALION

Here it is, gentlemen, the million dollar affair, the one and only "C" Company this year headed by the one and only Robert "Dusty" Grape. In case you gentlemen are wondering where the Dusty comes from here is the story. Once upon a time there lived in Boston about the time of the Revolution a great and courageous woman, Duston Hannah, hence the name Dusty.

Dusty, as he is known in and around the Howard Johnston's of Washington, has a most remarkable and unusual life history part of which we will attempt to tell now.

Most men have a hobby and so with Dusty, not one like Frank Buck, or even F.D.R., his is one all his own that is, the thrilling and spectacular "extra interest" of collecting "teddy bears", yes gentlemen, teddy bears. Also it has been discovered that Bobby has a fancy for china dolls for, well, I know you will never believe it but up on his mother's dresser is the cutest and most original china doll ever to be found, picked out by Dusty himself.

Getting back to "C" Company we find one of the leading infantry organizations of the battalion for as most cadets know "C" Company was once the Calvary Company Outstanding most this year is their extended order drill which is now down to such a perfection that G.I. could be passed with little or no trouble.

After "makeovers" in October and with a few minor replacements during the year "C" Company's officers stack up as follows: Captain, Bob Grape; executive officer, Perkins; lieutenants, Stanly J., Terchie; first sgt. Charlie Funck; which are quite a bunch, the staff will have to admit.

The non coms this year are as skillful as any Augusta has been fortunate to have: Polisher, Sweatt, Weld, Welker, McCrum, Rosebro, Brammar and Lawther B. M. Nice going gentlemen, you've certainly whipped your gang into shape.

Looking back over a grand year and anticipating a still greater climax, with all due credit to Major Deane, the advising officer, the Bayonet wishes the boys of "C" Company the best of luck.

#### Statistics

Captain .....Robert Duston Grape  
Ex. Officer .....Williams Perkins  
Lieutenants .....Tarachie, Stanly J.  
First Sgt. ....Charles Funck

Non coms .....(mentioned above)  
Air Cadets .....six  
Average age .....17.05  
Times held "Ribbon" .....Four  
Total men .....59

—V—

## BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1944

April 15th .....F.U.M.A.—there  
April 18th .....M.M.A.—there  
April 21st .....Miller School —here  
April 22nd ....Woodrow Wilson—there  
April 28th .....H.M.A.—there  
May 2nd .....M.M.A.—there  
May 6th .....Woodrow Wilson—here  
May 13th .....G.M.S.—here  
May 15th .....Woodberry Forest—there  
May 19th .....Miller School—there  
May 20th .....F.U.M.A.—here

—V—

## CADETS OF THE WEEK

### The Decorating Committee

For the fine job which they did on the Memorial Gymnasium, First Place Honors this week falls to the hard working decorating committee. Not only did they decorate the floor in a most unusual and extremely nice fashion, but they also put over the dance with the way they all attended. Headed by Terry Tariche and with Bob Page, Bill Pitts, Bob Spilman, Jim Ross, Pete Wreden, and many more the decorating committee put up an unusual design of flags representing the United Nations. They constructed a throne fit for any king or queen for the gala occasion and kept the newly varnished floor clean. With this in mind First Place honors go to the Decorating Committee that does things without a whimper.

### Colonel and Mrs. Robinson

Second place honors this week goes to Mrs. and Colonel Warren Robinson. It is unusual to say the least to have them in the Cadets of the week column, but considering the many cadets who spent long hours on their front porch, we humbly and very happily give them second honors. Not many schools have a hostess house in which the girls can stay and not many do it as the Robinsons. Taking care of a flock of young girls is a man-sized job in any place, but the Robinsons did it and did it happily. You all know girls are very fickle and to please them is a tough assignment. Well, Colonel, you can relax now and feel as though you too helped to put over one of the best dances at Augusta.

### William C. Stuart III

Third place honors this week go to Bill Stuart. Bill has been and will con-

## PRESENTING THE

### GRADUATING NON COMS

#### "A" Company

##### WALTER HOLT

This week representing "A" we have Tim Holt, a second platoon corporal. Not much can be said about Tim because not much is known except that he is, without a doubt one of the most popular non comms in the battalion. Tim has been mixed up in quite a lot, but for sure we know that his time with Staunton girls has been anything but slow. Hailing from North Carolina, a real rebel and a real friend, his place in "A" Company will be hard to fill after June.

#### "B" Company

##### FORD STEPHENS

Here comes Norfolk or Newport News as the case may be, anyway we now present "B" Company's own Fordie Stephens, another woman later except at home of course. "Steve" came to Augusta last January and even withstanding this handicap he reached out and secured a corporal in one of the big time companies. A little on the argutive side but liked by all the corps thru and their paper wish Steve the best of luck after June in a world of 90 per cent women.

#### "C" Company

##### CLAY WELKER

Who is one of the last remnants of Roller's Cavalry, Clay Welker, of course. Everyone knows that. To sometimes wishing his squad was a band of pinto's, we all agree they wouldn't exchange him for Grape's million dollars. Clay is a third year man and is also one of whom little is known about his "better halves" but the staff still feels he has a few. A valuable asset to "C" Company and to Augusta, the corps will say "so long" to one of its non coms in June.

—V—

## ADDRESSES OF ALUMNI

Pvt. Fred Costa, 33656151  
APO 7559, Care Postmaster  
New York City, N. Y.

Sgt. Lane B. Sanberg  
305 Bomb Group  
366 Bomb Squadron (H)  
Care Postmaster  
New York City, N. Y., APO 557

tinued to be one of the best cadets at Augusta. His position here contains a lot of hard work which he does without a cry or complaint. Now there are some fellows who get jealous over the least little thing, and try to belittle another fellow. We can truthfully say that Bill has helped more cadets get something or do something without getting anything in return. For this reason third place honors fall to Bill Stuart.

#### Lt. Henry Cherrington

We take time off from the cadets again and present fourth place honors to Lt. Henry Cherrington and his attractive and intelligent wife. Lt. Cherrington is an instructor and pilot of two, three and four engine ships, and stopped at Augusta to visit his father, Major W. P. Cherrington, a member of the faculty, before going overseas. He became one of us as soon as he arrived. His pleasant personality and interest in the activity of the corps—it is felt that no other person is more qualified for mention than Lt. Henry Cherrington.

—V—

#### HANES AWARDED D. S. C.

##### FOR HEROIC ACTION

(Continued from page 1)

became a Corporal on the staff. His third year showed him as a sergeant on the staff and on the golf team once more. He became First Lt. of the staff in his fourth year and made the boxing and football teams. His most brilliant year was his last when he played football, was Captain of the Staff, a member of the Honor Committee, Secretary of the Literary Society, manager of the Boxing team, assistant manager of the baseball team, chief of the Armory and won the medal for loyalty.

Lieut. General Mark Clark, commander of the Fifth Army in Italy cited Private Hanes for his gallantry in action. The citation read in part:

"On September 13, 1943, in the vicinity of Altavilla, Italy, Private Hanes, moving well forward of his platoon, advanced toward an enemy

machine gun position. In the face of concentrated machine gun and rifle fire from the enemy emplacement, Private Hanes, by using hand grenades, killed the crew and destroyed the emplacement.

"Having accomplished this dangerous task, he again moved forward aggressively, determined to continue his devastating, single-handed blows against the enemy until he was struck by a burst of machine-gun fire and fell mortally wounded.

"Private Hanes' indomitable courage and determination to defeat the enemy despite such overwhelming odds will always be an inspiration to those who witnessed his valorous deeds."

Charles Hanes hailed from Winston-Salem, North Carolina and carried the true AMA spirit into battle with him. He attained his highest goal and was the first alumni of Augusta to win the Distinguished Service Cross. Charles Hanes set the goal for other AMA cadets to work for and it is known that they will succeed, even if it costs them their life.

—V—

#### BAYONET PREPARES

(Continued from page 1)

year. This will insure a better way of handling the newspaper.

The Bayonet has climbed the ladder to success for some sixty years. This year it has hit a height that beats all the rest. Next year we want a paper that will go even higher and gain more popularity with the cadets and faculty. For this reason we offer you an opportunity never before offered at Augusta. So write stories now and hand them in to the Editor and they will be used in the three remaining issues of the Bayonet. Come on all you prospective "Drew Pearsons" and get to work. Next year depends on it.

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